Trees ain't fash'able these days;
Ast him why, an' pa says: "'Cause
Don't b'lieve in Santa Claus!"

Says he hates the noise and fuss, Makes him aggravate an' cuss; Don't see why ma keeps him, he Ain't no use 'at I can see.

'F me was him an' him was me, Bet I'd have a Chris'mus tree; Ma 'ist smiles an' says: "too bad!" 'At 'ist makes me awful mad.

Other little boys has pas What believes in Santa Claus. Hate mean pas—I'll tell him so 'Ist as soon as I can grow.

Wisht ma lock him out to-night When he comes, 'ist serve him right; Make him stay out there, an' then Cobulins an' bogie men Ketch him 'fore the mornin' come-

Bet you then I'd have a drum. An' a whistle 'at I'd blow, Whether he don't like er no.

Wisht—why, here's pa, an' I see That he's bought a Chris'mus tree, Says he thought he'd fool the kid— 'At's 'ist what ma's husban' did! -Baltimore News.



way. But I am fairly fixed in my opinion that somehow or other, in the merciful providence of the Lord, he will walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, wearing a crown of eternal life-and I will tell you one reason why

It was almost noon on Christmas day when the through express pulled into Starvation Junction six hours late. Desolate and dreary as the station appeared, the travel-worn and hungry passengers were glad to see it, as they had been informed they could procure refreshments on their arrival, as no other opportunity had presented itself to satisfy their hunger since the pre-

The storm which began in the night had developed into the unmistakable blizzard so much hated and feared by all who travel by rail. The engine had done all that iron and steam could do against its inveterate foe, but in spite of gallant efforts the blizzard seemed to be getting the best of the battle, and for some time before the train pulled up at the station the iron lungs of the engine seemed to labor with a painful effort as it plowed its way through the drifts.

The station was equipped with the usual lunch counter, upon which was displayed the uninviting and meager fare which generally greets the traveling public at such institutions. There were sandwiches for those who could afford to pay ten cents for the small suspicion of the fag end of some old Reuben thought he could detect the were beans-baked beans, hard, dry cents; ten cents for two indigestible turn slightly away. looking doughnuts; five cents apiece for eggs-boiled eggs, boiled hard, boiled until they were black and blue, boiled to the consistency of an india-rubber ball. Nobody could tell how long those eggs have been boiled. I say have, beduty yet on that lunch counter. And too, that would be recognized only by

It often happens under circumstances of this nature that there are some who have not started on their journey with the expectation of being put to extra expense, and are consequently not prepared for the exorbitant charges of the railway lunch counter, and are therefore placed in a very unpleasant

Among the crowd of hungry mortals who gathered in the dingy station were



THEY STOOD BESIDE THE STOVE. woman and a little boy. These two made no effort to secure a place with the eager crowd at the lunch counter, but stood unnoticed and alone beside the store. It was easy to see that they did not belong to the opulent class of society, for, though scrupulously neat, their clothes were of cheap material, and several skillful patches on the garments of the boy indicated careful econchild, who was whimpering and tug-ging at her dress, casting longing which is not at all probable.

looks at the lunch counter. To a close observer the situation was perfectly plain, for there was no doubt that the boy was pleading for a chance at the edibles, and the mother, without the means of relief, was trying to pacify him. Of course, in a selfish and greedy world it is no uncommon thing for some to go hungry, for when so gry child?

within the means of any millionaire. can't have both together in this ranch. Walk right up to the festal board and enjoy your Christmas dinner."

After this outburst of dime-museum eloquence Rube looked about him for some evidence of appreciation, but every one was too busily occupied in could through the snow. Passing the scramble for food to heed his through the car Reuben looked carefulvagaries. But no, not every one, for as Reuben's eyes wandered over the room was deeply interested in the success of they observed the forms of the lone his maneuvers. There is no great difwoman and her little boy standing idly by the stove.

Reuben was an old and experienced traveler, and withal a shrewd observer, His business with them was very brief; and it did not take him long to read the indeed it was completed with a passing pathetic story of this group of two. glance, and completed to his intense There was no doubt in his mind that satisfaction, for that glance was sufthey were faint with hunger and without sufficient money to pay for food. The drummer Rube pushed his traveling hat to the back of his head and scratched his bald pate as he held a secret consultation with the angelic ried by the little group. He did not and interior Reuben. "Rube, old fellow, what are we going to do about this business? We can't enjoy our Christman dinner knowing all the time that hungry eyes are watching every mouthful of food we devour; no, that's out of the question, but what can we do? That woman is no pauper, and she would probably scorch us with a glance if we presumed to offer her money, or even to blow her off to a dinner. But, great Caesar! they must be fed somehow. Now if we could manage to scrape up an acquaintance with the boy I think we could make the deal; so let's see if we can hypnotize him."

Agreeable to this resolution Reuben fastened his gaze upon the child until he caught his eye, then smiling the same old smile which had won him friends from Boston to California, he threshold of Heaven and heard the echo addressed him: "How's this for a of angel voices singing: "Peace on earth Christmas, little boy?" But the little and good will to men."-Frank Beard boy only clung closer to his mother's skirts and scowled at the presumptu-

ous stranger. "What's the matter, little friend, can't you find a seat? You just come with me now, and if we don't find a place I'm much mistaken."

The boy ceased whimpering and



remnant of fat mercifully hidden be- conflicting emotions of the woman in to affect the infant unpleasantly-to tween two slices of stale bread. There the struggle between womanly pride himself, that is-although the cloudy and motherly love. He saw her tighten symphony of red and blue about his inand musty, which could be had for 25 her hold on the hand of the boy and

Slipping forward and politely doffing his bat, he addressed the woman: "Madam, I beg your pardon, but you of yours, and as I am far away from air, and something in the box made a my own little ones (this was rank ducause probably most of them are doing plicity, for Reuben had neither wife thunder is like a piccolo. These things nor children, near or far), and as this as toys were of no great value, but as then there was pie-at least something is Christmas day, I am feeling a little that went by that title-and coffee, lonesome. You, being a parent your- were beyond all price, on the minus self, can appreciate my feeling, for side." doubtless were you away from your boy you would naturally be interested in any child which reminded you of your own. Now I beg you to permit your little boy to be my guest and eat his Christmas dinner with me."

> The woman lifted her downcast eyes blushing slightly, without either forbidding or consenting, replied diplomatically: "Tommy is afraid of strangers."

However noncommital this answer was, it was equivalent to a full consent when made to a knight of the grip, and either owing to the hypnotic power and the big pink sash who could be seen of Reuben Bullwinkle or the cravings from the street dancing around the tree, the of appetite, no difficulty was experienced in winning the child's consent to any arrangement which had for its house across the street. ultimate object the eating of a din-

Hungry children are not very fastidous, and however unappetising the viands of that forlorn lunch counter would seem to you and me as we sit down to our Christmas turkey at our own table, to the little hungry boy they were fit for a king, and if everyone silk and satin and velvet finish as the skill throughout the land enjoyed his Christ- and wealth of man can make it. But the mas dinner as little Tommy did in that dingy old station, it was indeed a merry

Christmas. However, it came to pass that the boy was finally satisfied. He had stuffed himself to his full capacity, and with a sigh of supreme satisfaction prepared to sigh of supreme satisfaction prepared to of the house across the street went on to slide off the high stool, ignoring all obligations and without a word of excuse or thanks to his genial host. It was no matter how little of wealth or beauty very probable that with the purely natural selfishness which we are all heirs to, but which is more plainly evi- late than the great mansion across the dent in children owing to their inno- street in which the child's laugh was forcence, the boy who did not think that ever still. It added to the melody of Parhis poor mother was still fasting, but adise that Christmas morning. It rang out with the sublime faith of childhood in clear and sweet across the jasper sea. It omy. There was a weary and anxious the omnipotence of parents, he rested had gone through the gate Beautiful and look on the woman's face as she bent in the conviction that she was old into a house not made with hands eternal down and whispered something to the enough to look out for herself, if indeed in the heavens.—Detroit Free Press.

> But Reuben had not forgotten, and had made up his mind that the woman's fast should be broken.

"Wait a minute, Tommy," said he seeing the boy was about to escape. "Don't you want something more?" "No, I don't want no more," an-

swered the polite Tommy. "Wouldn't you like a nice big apple many are actually starving to death it to put in your pocket?-or hold on, I've seems hardly worth while to waste an idea. It's Christmas, you know, but ympathy on those who are only fast- you didn't know that I was old Santa s little, and yet what is more piti- Claus. The reason you didn't know me, has been rubbed off. N. Y. Truth

ful than a helpless mother with a hun- Tommy, is because the blizzard blew my beard clean off. Yet all the same Among the crowd of passengers who I'm going to fill your stocking, and if had hurried into the station came Reu- I can't get at your stocking I'll fill someben Bullwinkle. The discomforts of thing else for you. Here, young lady, the journey had no apparent effect let's have one of those big paper bags. upon his invincible good humor. "Din- Now, Tommy, we'll call this a stocking. ner is now ready, ladies and gents!" he Let's fill it up. What'll you have? Apshouted. "Table de hote, or a la carte, ples, of course, and doughnuts and some all the luxuries of the season at prices of those delicious sandwiches and pie 'like your mother makes,' and I guess Never mind the cost. A full stomach is that exhausts the bill of fare. Now hold better than a full pocket book, and you the end of the bag tight and don't spill out the vicuals; and, Tommy, your mother wants you."

> The refreshed travelers had all settled themselves in their seats and the train was jogging along again as best it ly about for the woman and child, as he ficulty in locating anyone on a train of cars, and as a matter of course Reuben soon found the objects of his search. ficient to show him that the hungry woman was enjoying his bounty with a telish which none can appreciate, unless he has had corresponding experiences. He was not noticed as he hurwant to be recognized, for with a fine delicacy which always accompanies true generosity he felt that the less the woman saw of him the more comfortable she would be. Reuben Bullwinkle wanted no recognition or thanks; indeed the idea that he was entitled to thanks never entered his head for a moment. Neither did he make any mental calculation as to the value of an act of friendliness put down to his credit account on the recording angel's book, nor did he look for any special blessing which the Lord might owe him for his act of charity. Indeed the little thought which he gave the matter had its relation entirely to the objects of his sympathy, and if his heart was light and his soul joyous, it was because he had unconsciously wandered near the in Ram's Horn.

> > CHRISTMAS LONG AGO.

All Presents Had to Go Into the Christmas Stocking. Robert J. Burdette in the Ladies'

Home Journal tells in his humorous way how he remembers the Christmas of long ago. "Most of the Christmas presents in those days were designed by the manufacturer for the hanging stocking. Anything too big to go into a stocking had to go over to somebody's birthday. In any family where there was more than one child the old ble 'Noah's ark' was always looked We hailed with exclamations of astonished recognition Noah and Mrs. Noah, Messrs. and Mme. Shem, Ham and Japhet. There was no way of telling the men and women apart. They were exactly alike, but the elephant and giraffe you could distinguish at a glance, on account of the spots on the giraffe. So also the dog and the cow, because the cow was always white and blue, while the dog was invariably plain blue. Within 24 hours after the landing on Ararat the baby would have all the raint sucked off Shem, Ham and the hired man, and the doctor would be

"The red monkey climbing a red stick was another regular Christmas visitor. He was highly esteemed as a light luncheon by the baby. It never seemed nocent mouth was apt to make the beholder shiver. But it made the monkey look sick. Then there was a man on the box, with a major-general's uniform, beating a drum. You turned a crank, see I have taken a notion to that boy the general lifted his stick high in the noise as much like a drum as a peal of practical and useful object lessons they

ACROSS THE STREET.

The Change That Came with Another Christmas Time.

Last Christmas the house across the street from mine was the brightest and suyest of any in the block. There were beautiful to the honest face of the stranger, then | Christmas wreaths in every window and the whole house was aglow. The shades were thrown up high and the soft lace curtains parted wide. The tree in the great parlor of the house across the street was larger and it had costlier presents on it than any other tree in the town. And most of the presents were for the little girl in the white dress happiest, sweetest little maiden in all the world and the light and life and joy of the

This Christmas time all is dark and silent and gloomy in the great house across the street. There are no Christmas wreaths in the window, no ray of light comes from behind the closely drawn blinds, no childish voice is heard within the house. There is no bright and beautiful tree, but on the spot on which the tree stood last year there s something white and as beautiful in its sight of it brought a chill to the hearts of those who saw it carried into the house on Christmas eve, and when the eyes of the mother and father fell upon it their hearts

bled anew. The passers-by who saw the bands of white fluttering from the knob of the door that their own little ones were left to them. there might be in their homes.

The poorest house in which there was the laugh of children was so much less deso

When Formally Instituted. The celebration of Christmas is said the church historians to have been formally instituted by Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 138.

With His Own Money. Mrs. Benham-Henry, what shall I get you for Christmas? Benham-Nothing; I've got to econe mize this year.—Chicago Tribune.

Best Way to Tell. The best way to tell whether a present is a cheap one is to observe whether the present

THE FARMING WORLD

CORN ON THE COB.

Some Reasons Why It Should Never He Fed to Horses. Corn on the cob should never be fed to horses, as there is always a risk of making them sick by doing so. When corn on the cob is fed, unless a horse's appetite is carefully noted and just enough is given to him, he will eat the cob also, and as the cob is more or less indigestible there is a big chance of making him sick and losing him. In feeding a horse care should be taken to give him just enough and no more, too much being almost as bad as too

I have just heard of an experience with a good horse which proves the truth of what I have said. One of my friends who has a negro hostler has had trouble about keeping his horses well and in good condition, owing to the fact that if the hostler, for any reason, lost his temper with one of the horses he gave that horse's breakfast, dinner or supper to another horse, and when the stinted horse got his next meal (for the negro was afraid to cut him more than one meal at a time) he would eat cobs as well as the corn. One evening some time ago, when the stock came in from work, one of the horses was sick and it was found that he had indigestion. A remedy was given, and when after long work on him the sick animal evacuated a great number of pieces of cob as large as a chestnut were found, which showed conclusively the cause of the trouble. No blame was attached to the hostler at the time, but soon after another negro who had a grudge against the illtempered hostler told how the horses were treated; investigation proved the truth of the story and the hostler was discharged. Since that time the horses have been fed on shelled corn and there has been no trouble, all of them keeping in perfect health and looking well. It is some trouble and a slight ad-

ditional expense to shell the corn for the horses, but it is better to do this than to have to sit up for hours with a sick horse and perhaps lose him at last. It is not, however, a great deal of trouble to me to shell my corn, as I use for this purpose a little corn sheller with which one man can easily shell a bushel of corn in ten minutes or less. I paid three dollars for it, and the work is so light and pleasant that the children on the place enjoy shelling a large part of the corn used for the horses. Cows can eat cobs without danger, but horses cannot. A horse is a clean and choice animal and must be more carefully treated than any other class of stock or he will not thrive .-Julien A. Hall, in Ohio Farmer.

HINTS FOR STOCKMEN.

The draft horse business is promis-Ice cold water is neither good for man

A good curry comb in a willing hand

saves grain. The hoghouse should be low. A high house is colder than a low one. Don't pile old bedding at the head of

the stall under the horse's nose. Do not be in too big a hurry to wean the fall pigs. Get them well started to

Every stock owner should have on Land remedies for ordinary diseases and Swine do not require a high tempera-

ture. A temperature of 45 degrees is high enough. The bottom of a horse's hoof is strong and when the shoer pares it off he com-

Good breeds and good representatives of breeds, well taken care of, indicate a

good farmer. After separating the calf from its mother, feed the natural milk as soon

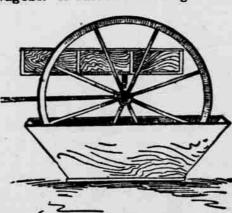
as drawn, for a week or ten days. Curry the cows? Yes. Currying removes the dirt and cleans the skin, and that is of as much value to a cow as to

Don't feed cold weather. By that we mean don't neglect to have warm winter shelter, and thus save grain which will be necessary to keep up uselessly wasted animal heat.-Western Plow-

WASHING VEHICLES.

A Device That Will Save Consider. able Time and Labor. The device shown in the cut will save

much time and labor in washing wagons. A narrow water-tight box of



HOW TO WASH WAGONS.

the shape shown in the illustration is slipped under the wheel when it has been "jacked up." A pail of water is now poured in and the wheel revolved. The dirt can thus be removed quickly and much more easily than when a pai is used to hold the water. Orce used, the benefits of this device will be very apparent.-American Agriculturist.

Celery Is a Biennial. Celery is ordinarily a biennial; than is to say, it requires two seasons to come to maturity. In this habit it is like the turnip, cabbage, carrot and many other familiar plants, which form a cluster of leaves and a strong root during the first season's growth, live over winter, and the following season send up a seed stalk. After ripening its seed the plant dies. The biennial habit of growth is not absolutely fixed in the case of celery, for the plants occasionally complete their growth in a single season, from seed, and die.

Evergreens on the Farm. The first consideration in planting trees about farm buildings is to shelter them from sun, wind and storm. The need of shade in summer is generally recognized, but too many planters overlook the equal necessity for evergreens to protect from winter winds, and to give a little color to the monotony of winter landscapes. Evergreens produce an effect in ornamental planting not to be obtained in any other way.

CALENDAR FOR 1898.

SETWITISSETWIT

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JANUABY

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FEBRUARY							AUGUST							
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MARCH								SEPTEMBER						
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APRIL							OCTOBER							
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SHE SPANKED FOR THE FAMILY. The Stranger's Kind Offer Was Indignantly Refused.

People never get encouragement for doing the Good Samaritan act in the interests of the public, as the man decided who offered to assist a distracted woman and ameliorate the sufferings of a lot of people on a su-burban car.

The boy who howls was in evidence, the curled darling of his only own mother and the terror of everybody else, and he had kept the car in a state of wild excitement

kept the car in a state of wild excitement and exhausted the patience of everybody, including his doting parent.

"Oh, if your father were only here!" she had said for the fiftieth time, as she tried vainly to restrain the howling terror.

At that he stopped howling long enough to beat the air with his small shins, and the woman on the other side of him remarked audibly that a cage was the proper place for savages like him.

audibly that a cage was the proper place for savages like him.

"Johnny, dear," asked his mother, "won't you be a good boy?"

Roars and kicks from Master Johnny.

"Oh, I wish your father were here to give you a good trouncing this very minute!" she wailed, as she struggled with him.

Then it was that the philanthropist of the company asserted himself. He had been

company asserted himself. He had been trying in vain to read his morning paper ever am a father myself, and I will be happy to chastise your cherub in behalf of his absent

Oh, no, you won't, not if I know it!'

said Johnny's mother, rising in her wrath like a tigress. "There ain't that man living dare lay a finger on that boy—his own father or any other ugly catamount who thinks he knows it all," and she shut off debate by going into the next car and taking the sweet infant with her.—Chicago Times-Herald.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Mr. Casey Was Not Up to Polite Parlanee. Madge Casey threw herself with wild abandon on luxurious Turkish divan in the magnificent drawing-room of the palatial brown stone mansion owned by her father, the wealthy but honest politician. Madge's amiable mother had just given her a good scolding for being out so late the previous night with that "spalpane av a Moike Cassidy, who niver intinded gettin' married," so the rebellious daughter entered the abovementioned room for the purpose of having a

mentioned room for the purpose of having a good cry.

Ten minutes afterward her father entered, and seeing the pride of his heart in tears, said soothingly: "Arrah, Madgy, me darlint; phwat's th' cause av all this grafe?"

"Oh pana" replied the beautiful girl, bedarlint; phwat's th' cause av all this grafe?"
"Oh, papa," replied the beautiful girl, between gulps, "I'm bemoaning my fate."
"Bemoanin' yer fate, eh? Thin it sorves yez roight," said her now cruel parent. "Hovn't Oi towld yez toime an' agin thot iv yez didn't stop wearin' shoes two soizes too shmall for yez thot ye'd hov bunions on yer fate? Oi hov thot."—Up-to-Date.

For Babies and Children there is nothing so good in the treatment of coughs and colds as Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It cures croup, whooping cough, cold in the head, and gives sweet, refreshing

sleep. Children love it, old people like it. "What do you think, old boy; I stole a kiss from that haughty Miss Juniper!" "Pooh, that's nothing. The last evening I was there I saw her poodle kiss her 17 times."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough a once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and \$1.00. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

John Doe—"Is that long-haired poet still the star boarder?" Richard Doe—"No, in-deed. He is not in it any more. He mar-ried the landlady."—N. Y. Journal.

THE MARKETS. NEW YORK, December 18, 189 COTTON-Middling.....

FLOUR—Pater to Choice 465
FLOUR—Paternts 465
Clear and Straight 400
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter ...
OATS—No. 2 Mixed ...
OATS—No. 2 44
TOHACCO—Lags 300 TOBACCO-Lugs
Leaf Burley
HAY-Clear Timothy
BUTTER-Choice Dairy
EGGS-Fresh
PORK-Standard (new)
BACON-Clear Rib
LARD-Prime Steam CHICAGO. PORK-Mess (new)...... KANSAS CITY. CATTLE-Native Steers..... HOGS-All Grades..... WHEAT-No. 2 Hard...... OATS-No. 2 White..... CORN-No. 2....

FLOUR-High Grade...... 4 50

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

How baldness begins.

How to prevent it.

Every person, male of female, shrinks from baldness. It adds to the appearance of age and is a serious discomfort. The cases are rare when the falling out of the hair may not be stopped, and a new and healthy growth of the hair promoted. The hair grows in the scalp like a plant in the soil. If a plant flourishes, it must have constant attention; it must be watered fegularly and find its food in the soil where it is rooted. It's so with the hair. Neglect is usually the beginning of baldness. Dandruff is allowed to thicken on the scalp. The hair begins to foosen. The scalp loses its vitality. The hair, insufficiently nourished, begins to fade and to fall. The instant need in such a case is some practical preparation which, supplying the needed nourishment to the scalp, will feed the hair, give it strength, and so produce a strong and healthy growth. All this is done by Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor, the most practical and valuable preparation for the hair that can be obtained. It tones up the scalp, does away with dandruff, stops the hair from falling, festores the original color to gray or faded

Umbrella Chatter. "May I borrow your umbrella for five min-

"Why don't you use the one you borrowed last week?"
"I'm keeping that to loan to you."
"Well, I'll be over in five minutes and get

"Then you won't let me take yours?"
"Yes, take it along. I'm still two ahead of
you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomachs receive it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

How to Wash with Ease.

Washing cannot be well done with a scant supply of hard water and inferior soap. To skillfully perform this necessary work, assort the clothes, put the linens first in a tub nearly full of hot water, soap with Ivory soap. When clean scald, rinse, starch and hang on the line. When dry, sprinkle, fold and lay in a basket over night. Iron carefully with well-heated irons.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

A More Amusing Occupation. He-There's no use crying over spilt She—Of course not—there's pienty more to spill.—Brooklyn Life.

Cold weather aggravates rheumatic pains But St. Jacobs Oil cures—any time.

The dance they sit out is the most de-lightful to a pair of lovers.—Chicago News. That Dreadful Coldthat fearful cough—a danger signal. It is sapping the vitality from your lungs. To-day a bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar-Honey will cure it, to morrow it may be too late.

This remedy will speedily cure a deep-seated cold or a serious cough, and give strength to the lungs. All good druggists sell it. There is no happiness in having and get-ting, but only in giving; half the world is ness.-Henry Drummond.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

"Rushem is dealing in mining securities, isn't he?" "Well, stocks is the better word."—Chicago Journal. Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle &

When a man begins to imagine that he is in love with a bloomer girl it's time for him to stop drinking.—Chicago News.

treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa

In Winter Sciatica is worse. Any time St. Jacobs Oil is the best cure. Everybody at a fire knows best how put it out.—Washington Democrat.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mr. Allie Douglass, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94. Hope—The untiring effort of a woman to find a burglar under the bed.—Chicago

Made Free with Them. "Whar'd yo' git dat load er lumber, Br'er "Down ter de Healin' Ba'm church."
"Sho 'nough? Has dey tord de buildin'
down?"

"No, sah. Hit's dar yit, but I learn Parson Blowhard say dat de pews wuz free, an' so I riz up arly dis mornin' an' went down dar an' ripped up a pa'r ob em an' fotch 'em erlong."—Boston Courier.

How to Wash with Ease.

His Parting Shot. He (after being rejected)-I shall never

marry now.
She—Foolish man! Why not?
(Viciously)—If you won't have me, who will?—Philadelphia North American. The Last Man on Earth

The Last Man on Earth

To recklessly experiment upon himself with hope of relief is the dyspeptic. Yet the nostrums for this malady are as the sands of the sea, and, presumably, about as efficacious. Indigestion, that obstinate malady, even if of long perpetuity, is eventually overcome with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an appetizing tonic and alterative, which cures constipation, fever and ague, bilious remittent, rheumatism, kidney complaint and feebleness.

The Spoils. Citizen-To tell the honest truth, do you think you are earning your salary?
Office Holder-Man, I earned it four es over in the campaign.-Cincinnati

Isn't a scald a burn? Yes; and St. Jacobs Oil is a cure.

It never does any good to look bored. Use a club.—Atchison Globe. The Mortality Record would be greatly reduced if every home were supplied with a bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. The great lung strengthener and exterminator of coughs, colds, croup, and kidney affections. All druggists sell it.

Women say of every pretty girl that she might be tolerably good looking if she didn't know it so well herself.—Washing-

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. On the shoulders of the young and hale poverty sits but lightly.—N. Y. Independ-

Never trifle with pain. It may fool you. St. Jacobs Oil never fools; it cures. Never take a girl's judgment of beauty.

Atchison Globe.

MRS. LYNESS ESCAPES

The Hospital and a Fearful Operation.

Hospitalsingreatcities are sad places to visit. Threefourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds are women and girls. Why should this be the case? Because they have neglected themselves! Women

as a rule attach too little importance to first symp-

toms of a certain kind. If they have toothache, they will try to save the tooth, though many leave even this too late. They comfort themselves with the thought that they can replace their teeth; but they cannot replace their internal organs! Every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warnings in the form of bearing-down

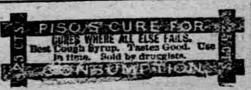
feelings, pain at the right or the left of the womb, nervous dyspepsia, pain in the small of the back, the "blues," or some other unnatural symptom, but they did not heed them. Don't drag along at home or in the shop until you are finally obliged to go to the hospital and submit to horrible examinations and operations!

Build up the female organs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will save you from the hospital. It will put new life into you. The following letter shows how Mrs. Lyness escaped the hospital and a fearful operation. Her experience should encourage other women to follow her example. She says

> "I thank you very much for what you have done for me, for I had given up in despair. Last February, I had a miscarriage caused by overwork. It affected my heart, caused me to have sinking spells three to four a day, lasting sometimes half a day. I could not be left alone. I flowed constantly. The doctor called twice a day for a week, and once a day for four weeks, then three or four times a week for four months. Finally he said I would have to undergo an operation. Then I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and

after one week I began to recover and steadily improved until I was cured completely. By taking the Pinkham medicine, I avoided an operation which the doctor said I would certainly have to undergo. I am gaining every day and will cheerfully tell anyone what you have done for me."-MRS. THOS. LYRESS, 10 Frederick St., Rochester, N. Y.

IN A WORLD WHERE "CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO CODLINESS" NO PRAISE **18 TOO CREAT FOR**



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